MISS BRETHERTON

By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

CHAPTER VII.

It was a rainy November night. A soft, continuous downpour was soaking the London streets, without, however, affecting their animation or the noctural brightness of the capital, for the brilliance of the gas lamps was flashed back from innumerable patches of water, and every ray of light seemed to be broken by the rain into a hundred shimmering reflections. It was the hour when all the society of which an autumnal London can boast is in the streets, hurrying to its dinner or its amusements, and when the stream of diners out, flowing through the different channels of the west, is met in all the great thoroughfares by the stream of theatre goers setting eastward.

The western end of D- street was especially crowded, and so was the entrance to a certain narrow street leading northward from it, in which stood the new bare buildings of the Calliope. Outside the theatre itself there was a dense mass of carriages and human beings, only kept in order by the active vigilance of the police, and wavering to and fro with kaleidoscopic rapidity. The line of carriages seemed interminable, and after those who emerged from them had run the gauntlet of the dripping, curious, good tempered multitude outside, they had to face the sterner ordeal of the struggling well dressed crowd within, surging up the double stair case of the newly decorated theatre. The air inside was full of the hum of talk, and the whole crowd had a homogeneous, almost a family air, as though the contents of one great London salon had been poured into the theatre. Everybody seemed to know everybody else; there were politicians and artists, and writers of books; known and unknown; there were fair women and wise women and great ladies; and there was that large substratum of faithful, but comparatively nameless, persons on whom a successful manager learns to depend with some confidence on any arst night of importance.

And this was a first night of exceptionable interest. So keen, indeed, had been the competition for tickets, that many of those present had as vague and confused an idea of a street panic has of the devices by which he has struggled past the barrier which has overthrown his neighbor. Miss Bretherton's a far larger number of London circles than generally concern themselves with theatrical affairs. Among those which might be said to be within a certain literary and artistic circumference, people were able to give definite grounds for the public interest. The play, it was said, was an unusually good one, and the progress of the rehearsals had let loose a flood of rumors to the effect that Miss

Bretherton's acting in it would be a great surprise to the public. Further, from the intellectual center of things, it was only known that the famous beauty had returned to the scene of her triumphs; and that now, as in the season, one of the first articles of the social decalogue laid it down as necessary that you should, first of all, see her in the theatre, and secondly, know her-by fair means, if possible, if not, by crooked ones-

It was nearly a quarter to 8. The orchestra had taken their places and almost every ' seat was full. In one of the dress circle and had for some time employed themselves in making a study of the incoming stream through their opera glasses. They were Eustace Kendal, his sister, Mme. de Chateauvigux, and her husband. The Chateauvieux had traveled over Paris expressly for the occasion, and Mme. de Chateauvieux, her gray blue eyes sparkling with expectation and all her small, delicate features alive with interest and ammation, was watching for the rising of the heavy velvet curtain with an eagerness which brought down upon her the occasional mockery of her husband, who was in reality, however, little less excited they had parted with Isabel Bretherton in Paris, and they were feeling on this first night something of the anxiety and responsibility which parents feel when they launch a child upon whom they have expended their

As for Eustace, he also had but that afternoon arrived in London. He had been paying a long duty visit to some aged relatives in the north, and had so lengthened it out, in accordance with the whim which had taken possession of him in Surrey, that he had missed all the preparations for "Elvira," and had arrived upon the scene only at the moment when the final coup was to be delivered. Miss Bretherton had herself sent him a warm note of invitation, containing an order for the first might and an appeal to him to come and "judge me as kindly as truth will let you." And he had answered her that, whatever happened, he would be in his place in the Calliope on the night of the 20th of No-

best efforts into a critical world.

And now here he was, wearing outwardly precisely the same aspect of interested expectation as those around him, and all the time conscious inwardly that to him alone, of all the human beings in that vast theatre, the experience of the evening would be so vitally and desperately important that life on the other side of it would bear the mark of it forever. It was a burden to him that his sister suspected nothing of his state of feeling; it would have consoled him that she should know it, but it seemed to him impos

down to her, as the orchestra struck up, "in the bex to the left. Forbes, I suppose, will join them when it begins. I am told be has been working like a horse for this play. Every detail in it, they say, is perfect, artis-'White Lady,' to give herself more timef' every movement.

'I cannot tell you, except that she had a omen to her to begin a new season with it."" "Was she wise, I wonder!"

too, I think, had notice enough. Some of terly beyond her realization, whom he rethe smaller parts may go roughly to-night,

but they will soon fall into shape." wishing it well over. I never saw a house better stocked with critics."

nervous little start. "Oh, Mr. Wallace, how do you do! and how are things going!" looking the picture of misery so far as his saw how she had worked and where, the in- his bear blanched with weeping they have no blushes her cheerfulest moods, was capable of it.

no more notion than the man in the moon. Miss Bretherton is an angel, and with ut Forbes e should have collapsed a bundred times already; and that's about all I know. As for the other a tors, I suppose they will get through their perts somehow, but at present I feel like a man at the foot of the gallows. There goes the bell; now for it."

The sketch for the play of "Civira" had been found among the papers of a young penniless Italia who had died almost of those feeming years after ISD, when poets grew on every bedge and the romantic out sion was abroad. The sketch had appeared the Paris quays. He had read it to an attle sketch into a play. But in developing it he breathless story of love, jealousy, despair and herself at the feet of her lover. death, and told it directly and uninter ruptedly, without any lighter interludes.



Looking the picture of miseru the universality of the motives appealed to The diction of the piece was the diction of Alfred da Vigny or of the school of Victor Hugo. It was, indeed, rather a dramatic with fresh vigor. love poem than a play in the modern sense. upon the two characters of Macias and El-

Spanish type, which has its historical sources, is a play in himself!" the Fifteenth century downward. Macias is out again, and the house had settled into siknight, poet and lover; his love is a kind of lence.

thus developed. In plan and mechanism the breeze repeat the fatal name, Macias." The curtain drew up on the great hall of the threatening step towards her.

Villena palace. Everything that antiquarian knowledge could do had been brought to bear boxes sat three people who had arrived early, cate tile work of the walls and floor, the leather hangings, the tapestries, the carved wood and brass work of a Spanish palace of breast. sented Elvara's father and the rival of Macias,

foot which is to wreck the love of Macias ing, outstretched hands as she watched him almost in his ear: and Elvira, had just risen from his seat when disappear, there was a pathos so true, so Wallace, who was watching the stage in a poignant, that it laid a spell upon the au torment of mingled satisfaction and despair, touched Mme. de Chateauvieux's arm. "Now." he said. "That door to the left."

Kendal, catching the signal, rose from his seat behind Mone, de Chateauvieux and bent her highest triumph. The act opened with a in my mind!" forward. The great door at the end of the scene between Elvira and her husband, in through it with drooping head and hands and hopelessness of grief, to allow her to rethe pulses of the oldest habitue in the theatre. fierce root, refuses with reproach and insult, try on my part." Tears came to Mme. Chateauvieux's eyes, and in the full tide of her passionate reaction and she looked up at her brother.

"What a scene! It is overpowering-it is too much for her! I wish they would let her

Kendal made her no answer, his soul was in his eyes; he had no senses for any but one person. She was there within a few yards of him, in all the sovereignty of her beauty and her fame, invested with the utmost romance that circumstances could bestow, and about, if half he heard were true, to reap a triumph. Had he felt toward her only as the public felt, it would have been an experience beyon't the common run, and as it was-oh, this aching, intolerable sense of desire, of separation, of irremediable need! Was that her it before-under over arching woods, wher. white, outstretched hand had once lain close clasped in his own; those eyes had once looked with a passionate trouble into his. Ah, it was gone forever; nothing would "There are the Stuarts," he said, bending ever recall it—that one quick moment of living contact! In a deeper sense than met the ear, she was on the stage and he among the audience. To the end his gray life would

repugnance to it which could not begot over. | private smart he was swept out, whether he I believe her associations with the play were | would or no, into the general current of feelso painful that it would have seemed an evil | ing which was stirring the multitude of human beings around him, and he found himself gradually mastered by considerations of "I think she did well to follow her fancy in a different order altogether. Was this the the matter, and she herself has had plenty of actress he had watched with such incessant time. She was working at it all the critical revolt six months before? Was this weeks she was with us, and young Harting. the half educated girl grasping at results ut-

membered! It seemed to him impossible that this quick "Poor Wallace!" said Kendal, "he must be artistic intelligence, this nervous understand, and of persuading him to take thought for ing of the demands made upon her, this faculty in meeting them, could have been de-"Here he is," cried Mme, de Chateauvieux, veloped by the same Isabel Bretherton whose betraying her suppressed excitement in her earlier image was so distinctly graven on his memory. And yet his trained eye learned after a while to decipher in a bundred andi-Poor Wallace threw himself into his seat, cations the past history of the change. He upon ber were all familiar to him; they had "My dear Mme de Chateauvieux, I have been part of his own training, and they belonged, as he knew, to the first school of dramatic art in Europe-to the school which keeps alive from generation to generation the excellence and fame of the best French drama. He came to estimate by degrees all that she had done; he saw also all she had still to do. In the spring she had been an actress without a future, condemned by the in- guide him to the city gates and to follow him exorable logic of things to see her fame de later on his journey will he move a step tosert her with the first withering of her wards freedom. And then, when her dear beauty Now she had, as it were, but started hand is about to open to him the door of his | Your pictures got on with all this?' starvation, in his Roman garret, during toward her rightful goal, but her feet were in the great high road, and Kendal saw be-

the very highest summit of artistic success. in a little privately printed volume which The end of the first act was reached, El-Edward Wallace had picked up by chance on vira, returning from the performance of the marriage ceremony in the chapel of the pal- herself, but for him; while he, exalted far hours in a railway, had seen its capabilities, acc, had emerged hand in hand with per husand had forthwith set to work to develop the band, and, followed by her wedding train, upon the great hall. She had caught sight of had carefully preserved the character of the Macias standing blanched and tottering unoriginal conception. It was a conception der the weight of the incredible news which strictly of the Romantic time, and the exe- had just been given to him by the duke. She death beautiful; tell me you love, love, love cution of it presented very little of that had flung away the hateful hand which held me to the end! Carriety of tone which modern audi-nees have her, and, with a cry instinct with the sharp Then, putting her from him, he goes out to and terrible despair of youth, she had thrown tirely to the tragic force of the situation and himself escaped behind the scenes as soon as

"There never was a holiday turned to such should have been, that is, saves herself and good account before," a gray haired dramatic | you-so!" critic was saying to her, a man with whose one fairy godmother at least had been left | marriage festival!" out at the christening. And now it would "Eustace! Eustace! There, now they have yet. Most people who are younger at the don't want to stay, but I must just see her. just as long as the first freshness of her find her. This way!" beauty, and no more. And now-the English | And Mme. de Chateauvieux, brushing the

round whom the buzz of congratulation closed

"How is she?" asked Mme. de Chateauand it depended altogether for its success vieux, laying a hand on his arm. "Tired?" "Not the least! But, of course, all the strain is to come. It is amazing, you know,

story was one of a common romantic type. During the rapid give and take of this Only one thing was unchanged—the sweet- slipped her hand into his arm. "Eustace!" neither better nor worse than hundreds of trying scene, Kendal saw, with a kind of ness and spontaneity of that rich womanly others of which the literary achives of the incredulous admiration, that Isabel Brether- nature. She gave a little cry as she saw Mme. first half of the present century are full. It ton never once lost herself, that every gesture de Chateauvieux enter. She came running required all the aid that fine literary treat ment could give it to raise it above the level traordinary grace, her marvelous beauty, woman and kissed her; it was almost the of vulgar melodrama and turn it into trag- were all subordinated to, forgotten almost in, greeting of a daughter to a mother. And

edy. But fortune had been kind to it; the the supreme human passion speaking through then, still holding Mme. Chateauvieux with subject had been already handled in the Ital- her. Macias, in the height of his despair, one hand, she held out the other to Paul, ask- way up, Mme. de Chateauvieux following Coleman College, 707 to 713 Broad St. ian sketch with delicacy and true tragic in- while be was still alone with her, had flung ing him how much fault he had to find, and in a tumult of anxious conjecture. When sight, and Edward Wallace had brought all her his sword, declaring that he would go when she was to take her scolding; and every they reached his rooms he put her carefully the resources of a very evenly trained and forth and seek his death an unarmed and gesture had a glow of youth and joy in it of into a chair by the fire, made her take some critical mind to bear upon his task. It could defenseless man. Then, when he becomes which the contagion was irresistible. She had hardly have been foreseen that he would be conscious of the approach of his rival, the thrown off the white head dress she had worn handy bachelor way that he might make her attracted by the subject, but once at work soldier's instinct revives in him; he cal's for during the last act, and her delicately tinted Mac .- My sword, Elvira. Elvira-Never!

Beatriz-Ah! they are here. It is too late! noticed that every one seemed to be, first of Come no nearer-or I shall sheathe it in this

All the desperate energy of a loving woman from a blow, she had followed him towards hadn't!" dience, and the curtain fell amid a breathless silence, which made the roar that instantly followed doubly noticeable.

palace had slowly opened, and glaling which she implored him, with the humility against his tyranny, the news is brought her by Beatr'z that Fernan, in his determination to avoid the duel with Macias on the morrow, which the duke, in accordance with knightly usage, has been forced to grant, has devised means for assassinating his rival in prison. Naturally, her whole soul is thrown into an effort to save her lover. She bribes his guards. She sends Beatriz to denounce the treachery of her husband to the duke, and, finally, she herself penetrates into the cell of Macias, to warn him of the fate that threatens him

and to persuade him to fir. It was, indeed, a dramatic moment when the gloom of Macias' cell was first broken by the glimmer of the hand lamp, which revealed to the vast, expectant audience the form of Elvira standing on the threshold, searching the darkness with her shaded eyes; and, in the great love scene which followed, the first sharp impression was steadily deepened word by word and gesture after gesture by the genius of the actress. Elvira finds he feels that she is true, that she is his. She, or love is indeed impotent! in a frenzy of fear, cannot succeed for all. But no-it was all a delusion! she moved In awakening him to the necessity of flight, rushed in again between them. and at last he even resents her terror for

and escape. the only chance of reconciling him to life

his own safety. Elvira-See, Macias, these tears-each one is yours, is wept for you! Oh, if to soften dress, was receiving the congratulations AMZI DODD, - - President. must needs open all her weak heart to you, if she must needs tell you that she lives only in your life and dies in your death, her lips will brace itself even to that pitiful confession!

To her this supreme avowal is the only means of making him believe her report of his danger, and turn towards flight; but in him it produces a joy which banishes all thought of personal risk, and makes separation from her worse than death. When she bids him fly, he replies by one word, "Come!" and not till she has p.omised to prison, it is too late. Fernan and his assassins are at hand, the stairs are surrounded. fore her, if she had but strength to reach it, and escape is cut off. Again, in these last moments, when the locked door still holds between them and the death awaiting them, ber mood is one of agonized terror, not for

above all fear, supports and calms her. Macias - Think no more of the world which has destroyed us! We owe it nothing -nothing! Come, the bonds which linked us to it are forever broken. Death is at the

meet his enemies. There is a clamor outside, and he returns wounded to death, pursued by longer an automaton, to be moved at their When the curtain fell Edward Wallace Fernan and his men. He falls, and Elvira | will and pleasure, but a woman and an artist could have had few doubts-if he had ever defends him from her husband with a look mistress of herself and Author and adapter alike had trusted en cherished any-of the success of his play. He and gesture so terrible that he and the mur-

the box was filled in his absence with a stream | was some ghastly avenging spirit. Then, of friends and a constant murmur of con- bending over him, she snatches the dagger gratulation which was music in the ears of from the grasp of the dving man, saying to Mme. de Chateauvieux, and, for the moment, him with a voice into which Isabel Bretherton silenced in Kendal his own throbbing and threw's wealth of pitiful tenderness: "There is but one way left, beloved. Your wife that

And in the dead silence that followed, her keen, good natured face London had been fa- last murmur rose upon the air as the armed miliar for the last twenty years. "what men, carrying torches, crowded round her. magic has touched the beauty. Mme de "See, Macias, the torches-how they shine! Chateauvieux? Last spring we felt as though Bring more-bring more-and light-our

seem as though even she had repented of it let her go! Poor child, poor child! how is and brought her gift with the rest. Well, well; I always felt there was sometting at the bottom in that nature that might blossom quick, before she is quite surrounded. I trade than I would not hear of it. I was and so must Paul Ab, Mr. Wallace has commonly agreed that her success would last gone already, but he described to me how to

stage has laid its hold at last upon a great | tears from her eyes with one hand, took Kendal's arm with the other, and hurried him Mme. de Chateauvieux's smiling reply along the narrow passages leading to the door brother and sister hurried away, Kendal was broken by the reappearance of Wallace, on to the stage, M. de Chateauvieux following them, his keen, French face glistening with a quiet but intense satisfaction. As for Kendal, every sense in him was covetously striving to hold and fix the experiences of the last half hour. The white

muffled figure standing in the turret door, In devising the character of Macias the this reception. It's almost more trying than the faint lamplight streaming on the bent Italian author had made use of a traditional the acting. Forbes in the wings, looking on, head and upraised arm-those tones of self forgetful passion, drawn straight, as it were, and has inspired many a Spanish poet from In another minute the hubbub had swept from the pure heart of love-the splendid energy of that last defiance of fate and circumstance-the low vibrations of her dving southern madness which withers every other Macias was the central figure of the sec- words-the power of the actress and the perfeeling in its neighborhood, and his tragic ond act. In the great scene of explanation | sonality of the woman-all these different death is the only natural ending to a career between himself and Elvira, after he had impressions were holding wild war within so fleree and uncontrolled. Elvira, with forced his way into her apartment, his fury him as he hastened on, with Marie clinging whom Macias is in love, the daughter of of jealous sarcasm, broken by flashes of the to his arm. And beyond the little stage door Nuno Fernandez, is embodied gentleness and old absolute trust, of the old tender worship, the air seemed to be even more heavily charged virtue, until the fierce progress of her fate had been finely conceived, and was well ren- with excitement than that of the theatre. has taught her that men are treacherons and dered by the promising young actor whom For, as Kendal emerged with his sister, his the world cruel. For her love had been pros- Wallace had himself chosen for the part. El- attention was perforce attracted by the little perous and smooth until by a series of events vira, overwhelmed by the scorn and despair crowd of persons already assembled around t had been brought into antagonism with of her lover, and conscious of the treachery the figure of Isabel Bretherton, and, as his two opposing interests-those of her father which had separated them, is yet full of a eye traveled over them, he realized with a and of a certain Fernan Perez, the tool and blind resolve to play the part she has as- fresh start the full compass of the change favorite of the powerful Duke of Villena. sumed to the bitter end, to save her own which had taken place. To all the more The ambition and selfish passion of these two name and her father's from dishonor, and to eminent persons in that group Miss men are enlisted against her. Perez is de- interpose the irrevocable barrier of her mar- Bretherton had been six months before termined to marry her; her father is deter- riage vow between herself and Macias. Sud- an ignorant and provincial beauty, mined to sweep Macias out of the path of his dealy they are interrupted by the approach | good enough to create a social craze, own political advancement. The intrigue of the duke and of Fernan Perez. Elvira and nothing more. Their presence round devised between the two is perfectly success, throws herself between her husband and her her at this moment, their homage, the

how they came to be among the favored mul- ful. Macias is entired away; Elvira, forced lover, and, having captured the sword of emotion visible everywhere, proved that all they stung Kendal to the quick. How could titude pouring into the Calliope as a man in to believe that she is deserted and betrayed, Macias, hands it to the duke. Macias is ar- was different, that she had passed the barrier Marie have known? Had not his letters for is half driven, half entrapped into a marriage rested after a tumultuous scene, and is led which once existed between her and the the last three months been misleading enough with Perez, and Macias, returning to claim away, shaking off Elvira's efforts to save him world which knows and thinks, and had to deceive the sharpest eyes? And yet she thesidence Union St., near Fullerton Av her against a hundred obstacles, meets the with bitter contempt, and breaking loose been drawn within that circle of individual- felt unreasonably that she ought to have wedding party on their way back to the from her with the prophesy that in every joy ities which, however undefined, is still the known-there was a blind clamor in him of the future and every incident of her wed- vital circle of any time or society, for it is The rest of the play represented, of course, ded life the specter of his murdered love will the circle which represents, more or less brillion. the struggle between the contending forces rise before her, and "every echo and every liantly and efficiently, the intellectual life of

> vision of flower like and aerial beauty. Fast as the talk flowed about her, Kendal

Elvira-Go! No blood shall flow for me. all, conscious of her neighborhood, of her old boy, are you in love with Isabel Bretherferent shades of gayety or quick emotion. "Oh, Mr. Kendal," she said, turning to him lavish magnificence; and the crowded ex- driven to bay was in her attitude as she re- again after their first greeting-was it the lines of his mobile face setting into repose. pelled Macias, whereas in the agony of her magnetism of his gaze which had recalled last clinging appeal to him, as his guards led hers?-"if you only knew what your sister love her; I believe I have loved her from the beauty and elaboration of its setting and the him off, every trace of her momentary here has been to me! How much I owe to her and play of the two tolerable actors who repre- ism had died away. Faint and trembling, to you! It was kind of you to come to-night, recoiling from every harsh word of his as I should have been so disappointed if you

the door, and in her straining eyes and seek Then she came closer to him and said archly, "Have you forgiven me?" "Forgiven you? For what?"

must have thought me a rash and headstrong all these had been there abundantly, but person when you heard of it. Oh, I worked nothing else-not one of those many signs by But it was in the third act that she won so hard at her, and all with the dread of you which one woman betrays her love to an-This perfect friendly openness, this bright | brother's neck. They had been so much to

camaraderie of hers, were so hard to meet. one another for nearly forty years; he had clasped before her came Elvira, followed by tire from the world and to hide the beauty never thought it would be played by any- that she had not tried to get for him. How her little maid Beatriz. The storm which which had wrought such ruin from the light body; and I was blind from first to last. I strange, how intolerable, that this toy, this greeted her appearance was such as thrilled of day. He, in whom jealousy has taken hoped you had forgotten that piece of pedan- boon was beyond her getting! One does not forget the turning points of

> said this, standing close beside him, it seemed | future? It must have been so, otherwise why to him impossible that his self restraint should hold much longer. Those wonderful eyes of hers were full upon him; there was emotion in them-evidently the Nuneham scene was as good to me as you can. I shall probably in her mind, as it was in his-and a great | be a good deal out of London for the present,

> out through them. But it was as though his | all, life is not all summed up in one desire, doom were written in the very candor and however strong. Other things are real to openness of her gaze, and he rushed despe- me-I am thankful to say. I shall live it rately into speech again, hardly knowing down." what he was saying. "It gives me half pain, half pleasure, that you should speak of it so. I have never and her own sense of hopelessness. "You ceased to hate myself for that day. But you | are a man any woman might love. Why

She smiled-did her lip quiver? Evidently Macias in a mood of calm and even joyful his praise was very pleasant to her, and waiting for the morrow. His honor is satis- there must have been something strange and be said huskily, "of a time when failure fied; death and battle are before him and stirring to her feeling in the intensity and should have come, when she would want the proud Castilian is almost at peace. The intimacy of his tone. Her bright look some one to step in and shield her. Somevision of Eivira's pale beauty and his quick | caught his again, and he believed for one play the part of spectator to hers, or else she intuition of the dangers she has run in forc- wild moment that the eyelids sunk and flut- against the world. But now? would som have passed beyond his grasp ing her way to him produce a sudden revultered. He lost all consciousness of the preparation has been exceptionally short. Shed in a little while from the sight of the Why did she refuse to begin again with the great audience which now burg upon her ate reconciliation; he is at her feet once more; on that one instant. Surely she must feel it, minds of both the same image gathered shape

a change of voice, "and your sister's. Will the darkness. "Great Heavens!" he says, turning from you come and see me some time and talk her in despair, "it was not love, it was only about some of the Paris people! Oh, I am pity that brought her here." Then, broken | wanted! But first you must be introduced down by the awful pressure of the situation, to Macias. Wasn't he good? It was such an her love resists his no longer, but rather she excellent choice of Mr. Wallace's. There he sees in the full expression of her own heart is, and there is his wife, that pretty little dark woman.

Kendal followed her mechanically, and presently found himself talking nothings to Mr. Harting, who, gorgeous in his Spanish that proud will of yours this hapless woman which poured in upon him with a pleasant mixture of good manners and natural elation. A little further on he stumbled upon Forbes and the Stuarts. Mrs. Stuart was as sparkling and fresh as ever, a suggestive contrast in her American crispness and prettiness to the high bred distinction of Mme. de Chateauvieux, who was standing near her. "Well, my dear fellow," said Forbes, catching hold of him, "how is that critical demon of yours? Is he scotched yet?

"He is almost at his last gasp," said Kendal, with a ghostly smile and a reckless impulse to talk which seemed to him his salva-"He was never as vicious a creature in thought him, and Miss Bretherton has no difficulty in slaying him. But that as you thought him, and Miss Bretherton has had no difficulty in slaving him. But that hali was a masterpiece, Forbes! How have "I haven't touched a brush since I came back from Switzerland except to make sketches for this thing. Oh, it's been a terrible business! Mr. Worrall's hair has turned gray over the expenses of it. However, she and I would have our way, and it's all right: the play will run for twelve months, if she chooses, easily."

Near by were the Worralls, looking a little sulky, as Kendal fancied, in the midst of this great inrush of the London world, which was sweeping their niece from them into a posidoor; we are already dead! Come, and make | tion of superiority and independence they were not at all prepared to see her take up, Nothing, indeed, could be prettier than her manner to them whenever she came across SHORTHAND, private instruction bettern, but it was evident that she was no

Miss Bretherton's last recall was over, and | derers fall back before her as though she Mrs. Stuart, who was as communicative and amusing as usual, and who chattered away to him till he suddenly saw Miss Bretherton signaling to him with her arm in that of his

"Do you know, Mr. Kendal," she said as he went up to her, "you must really take Mme. de Chateauvieux away out of this noise and crowd! It is all very well for her to preach to me. Take her to your rooms and get ber some food. How I wish I could entertain you here, but with this crowd it is

'Isabel, my dear Isabel," cried Mme. de Chateauvieux, holding her, "can't you slip away too, and leave Mr. Wallace to do the honors! There will be nothing left of you "Yes, directly, directly! only I feel as if sleep were a thing that did not exist for me.

But you must certainly go. Take her, Mr. Kendal; doesn't she look a wreck? I will tell M. de Chateauvieux and send him after She took Marie's shawl from Kendal's arm and put it tenderly round her; then she smiled down into her eyes, said a low "Good night, best and kindest of friends!" and the

dropping the hand which had been cordially stretched out to himself. "Do you mind, Eustace?" said Mme. de Chateauvieux, as they walked across the stage. "I ought to go, and the party ought to break up. But it is a shame to carry you

off from so many friends." "Mind! Why, I have ordered supper for

soon. Now, then, for a cab." They alighted at the gate of the Temple and, as they walked across the quadrangle under a sky still heavy with storm clouds, Mme. de Chateauvieux said to her brother with a sigh: "Well, it has been a great event. I never remember anything more exciting or more successful. But there is one thing, I think, that would make me happier than a hundred Elviras, and that is 'to see Isabel Bretherton the wife of a man she loved! Then a smile broke over her face as she looked

"Do you know, Eustace, I quite made up my mind from those first letters of yours in May, in spite of your denials, that you were very deeply taken with her! I remember quite seriously discussing the pros and cons of it with myself."

The words were said so lightly, they betrayed so clearly the speaker's conviction that she had made a foolish mistake, that

de Chateauvieux was startled by it. She Still no answer. "Have I said anything to annoy you, Eustace? Won't you let your old

sister have her dreams?" But still it seemed impossible for him to speak. He could only lay his hand over hers with a brotherly clasp. By this time they some tea, and all the time he talked about his sword; she refuses him, and he makes a bead and neck rose from the splendid wed- various nothings, till at last Marie, unable to ding gown of gold embroidered satin-a put up with it any longer, caught his hand as he was bending over the fire. "Eustace!" she exclaimed, "be kind to me

and don't perplex me like this. Oh, my poor He drew himself to his full height on the rug and gazed steadily into the fire, the He drew himself to his full height on the

Mme. de Chateauvieux was tremblingly silent, her thoughts traveling back over the past with lightning rapidity. Could she remember one word, one look of Isabel Breththrow the smallest ray of light on this darkness in which Eustace seemed to be standing? "For laying hands on Elvira, after all. You No, not one. Gratitude, friendship, esteemother! She rose and put her arm round her "You have played Elvira," he said, "as I never wanted anything as a child or youth

Her mute sympathy and her deep distress touched him, while, at the same time, they one's life," she answered with a sudden seemed to quench the last spark of hope in Kendal had been keeping an iron grip upon | thing from her whenever he should break himself during the past hours, but, as she | silence which would lighten the veil over the

"Dear Marie," he said to her, kissing her brow as she stood beside him, "you must be friendliness, even gratitude, seemed to look | and my books are a wonderful help. After

"But why despair so soon?" she cried, rebelling against this heavy acquiescence of his have traveled far indeed since the 'White Lady'—I never knew any one to do so much in so short a time!" should she not pass from the mere friendly intellectual relation to another? Don't go away from London. Stay and see as much

of her as you can." Kendal shook his head. "I used to dream." times I thought of her protected in my arms against the world. But now?

She felt the truth of his unspoken argument—of all that his tone implied. In the

and distinctness. Isabel Bretherton in the Beautifully Illustrated. 25 cts., \$3 a Year. halo of lu er great success, in all the intensit her efforts in dimming his ecstasy of joy or away from him, and the estranging present of her new life, seemed to her and to him to stand afar off, divided by an impassable gulf and at last he even resents her terror for him, her entreaties that he will forget her almost all of it, she said, eagerly, with a crying to her, unheard and hopeless, across

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